November

I dined and spent a merry evening at Madame de Maulde's. Her daughter Eugenie is a very fine girl. M. de Maulde resides at Melun, and deals in wood and charcoal.

I have a letter from M. le Moine and his wife, full of friendship and tenderness. Her health is much impaired. They live at Mortagne, en Perche, upon the proceeds of a small estate in that neighbourhood, and contrive to make it do. Alas ! why am I poor ? I mean to go and see their daughter, Madame des Entelles.

I find Dominick Meade has a *madame* chez lui; for he sent me a letter from a young man of twenty-five who lives near him, quite a Nicodemus or *grand-cousin;* and as it was addressed to an uncle at Martinques, he desired me to read it first lest it should contain anything improper. I accordingly opened it, and found mention of M. Meade, *Anglais-Americain, fort aimable homme, ainsi que Madame son epouse.* The letter is worthy the pen of a comic writer, and I must copy one sentence.

" *Si fa* (to his uncle, who is every now and then *vous)* me voyais, tu ne me reconna!trois

plus, tant
je suis chang^. Je jouis d'une bonne
santd, gras et
gros comme un moine B<§nfdictin. J'ai
les ciieveux